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St. Cloud State University

CHILD STUDY. **CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.**

THE Normalia.

APRIL, 1898.

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The Normalia.

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ALUMNI.

A special feature of commencement week this year is the appointment of Wednesday, May 25, as Alumni Day. The faculty of the school will give a reception to the Alumni and present graduating class in the afternoon. A lecture will be provided for the evening. Come and enjoy a few days with us. Please extend this notice.

P. P. COLGROVE, Pres.

Evolution of the Child in Literature.

In the scientific subject of the evolution of man, John Fiske has pointed out that man owes all progress beyond the higher animals to the helplessness of the human baby. Its care and protection have made necessary intellectual effort and the formation of social units. Witness the brief childhood of the savage, and the period of education now reaching to a quarter of a century in civilized nations; but even this inadequately expresses the importance of the child in the elevation of the race. The history of the evolution of man or the evolution of woman is in no sense as significant as that of the evolution of the child. It matters not to what height the man or woman may have risen, their progress dies with them; only that advance which is preserved in the child, is permanent.

The prayer of Hector for his baby, "May they say this man was greater than his father was," has been echoed through all the ages.

You remember that beautiful picture in the Iliad, where Hector, going out to battle with the Greeks, takes sad leave of Andromache.

Mighty Hector stretched his arms
To take the boy—a babe too young to speak—
Hector's only son, beautiful as a star.
The boy shrank crying back
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass,
And eyeing with afright the horse-hair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
At this, both parents in their fondness laughed,
And hastily the mighty Hector took

The helmet from his brow, and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son and tossed him up in play,
Prayed thus to Jove and all the Gods in heaven.
'O Jupiter, and all ye deities,
Vouchsafe that this, my son, may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent, like me,
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
This man is greater than his father was'"

Passing on from Greek literature to the beginning of the Christian era, we find that the Christ-child profoundly influenced literature as well as art. The wonderful power of Christianity over the hearts of heathendom was largely due to this new presentation of God in the child. Legendary art gives us many exquisite word pictures of children.

Folklore, particularly the German, is rich in delicate sketches. "The laughter of the little child makes roses." Compare with this the picture of the sleep of a child by Victor Hugo. "The awakening of a child is like the unclosing of a flower."

The literature of the middle ages presents no little girls. The babies are all boys. Whether in painting or literature, they are all golden-haired and blue-eyed. French literature to this day ignores dark-haired children, in spite of the real appearance of French children. Victor Hugo always emphasizes the blonde. Of course the old classic masters, as Mrs. Meynell says, "do not stoop to the coloring of their children." Later Murillo painted Spanish types and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted "dark hair as tenderly as the gold." In more modern English literature, dark haired children are rather the favorites.

A tendency may be noted in early English literature, to admire adult qualities in the child. John Evelyn's child, "at two and a half years of age, pronounced the English, Latin and French exactly." Before his very natural death at five, "he could turn English into Latin, and vice-versa, construe and prove what he read, could do the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and had a strong passion for Greek." The tendency of modern literature is to be delighted with the child as a child, while our elders seemed to be constantly hurrying them into grown-ups.

You will notice that the helplessness, innocence, beauty, and promise, of the child are almost the exclusive elements of early delineations. With the persistence of all things that are biologically old, these still exist in child pictures; but a stage of literature has now arrived when the individuality of the child has appeared. The child is more distinctly individual than either man or woman. Life has cut most of us down, and conventionalized us until we are but a few patterns of men and women. Ask any one of a hundred of us of a certain kind, what he thinks, and you needn't trouble to ask the other ninety-nine. But a child! Whoever found anything but the unexpected in a child?

Who could have anticipated the following from a four-year-old who was refused a ride one morning: "If you don't let me do, I'll do out in the darden and eat bugs. Ate free dis morning, two smoove ones and one wooly one."

Another little one somewhat astonished her father, when told that he worked to buy things for her to eat. "Do you buy the lovely puddin's? "Yes," said the father. "And do you buy the fat? I don't like fat."

The child's act and word cannot easily be prophesied.

Since literature has at last discovered

this treasure of fresh individuality, we may confidently expect the child in the future to occupy a much larger share in the works of the greatest writers. Dickens dreamed delightfully of this in Jenny Wren, Little Nell, and Paul Dombey. George Eliot was fully awake to it in her earlier works, and foolishly abandoned it in later ones.

Who doesn't love Maggie Tulliver, tossing the black locks out of her gleaming eyes as she trots along after Tom, stepping by a peculiar gift in the muddiest places, always radiant when Tom is good to her. With the most loving of hearts and the best of intentions, she is always getting into scrapes. She shears off those same black locks to get rid of her scoldings for not having them in order. And then after the first delightful sense of clearness and freedom "as if she had emerged from the woods into the open plain," to have Tom jump round her, slapping his knees and laughing. "O, my buttons! what a queer thing you look! You look like the idiot we throw our peanut shells to at school!"

Then as a climax to her misery to be made to go down to the company dinner, and face the denunciations of the awful uncles and aunts!

Poor Maggie was always wishing she had done differently, while Tom always thought, "I'd do the same thing again." So we love Maggie and detest Tom much more than he deserves I imagine, because he is too dull to sense a love like hers, and his self-admiration, a characteristic of many a youth whom we like very much, is set off in such relief against Maggie's passionate self-devotion.

Longfellow, Lowell, and particularly Bryant, have charming child poems, but have you noticed that Stevenson, Field, and Riley are almost exclusively child poets? Stevenson's only claim to poetry lies in his Child Garden of Verses, Field never surpassed his Little Boy Blue, and Riley presents the child dramatically in the Bear Story, as the child was never before represented on the stage. Nothing has surpassed the exquisite tenderness and real sympathy of the Child-Heart.

THE CHILD-HEART.

"The child-heart is so strange a little thing—
So mild—so timorously shy and small—
When grown-up hearts throb, it goes scampering.
Behind the wall, nor dares peer out at all!
It is the veriest mouse
That hides in any house—
So wild a little thing is any Child-heart.

Child-heart!—mild heart!
Ho, my little wild heart!
Come up here to me out o' the dark,
Or let me come to you.

Belles-lettres, the utmost shrine of literature, has been invaded by the child. Mrs. Meynell's charming essay on children is a late contribution.

She shows herself a keen observer. Speaking of a child's trials in writing letters she says, "the fresher the mind, the duller the sentence, and the younger the fingers, the older, more wrinkled, and sidling the handwriting."

And again, "As like as not the child pictures all his relatives, at a distance, with their eyes shut. No boy wants to write familiar things to a forgotten aunt with her eyes shut."

Pierre Loti's Romance of a Child is a most fascinating record of the writer himself. The earliest glimpse is of baby Pierre jumping with delight before the leaping flames of a wood fire on the hearth, and of his subsequent dread of the tall dancing chair-shadows which leaped up at the pleasure of the dying flare. Another glimpse shows us the child in a delicious panic at

finding himself alone in the deep June grass, taller than his head, "with the look on his face of a little redskin in glee at finding his forest again."

Again we see two babies of five and six in short drawers and blouses, with white pinafores over them, very quiet now—after playing the very mischief—and amusing themselves with pencils and scraps of paper. Of the two babies, only Pierre is drawing. He is executing two sentimental subjects, "The Happy Duck" and "The Unhappy Duck." For the Happy Duck, he had sketched in the back ground a little house, and near the bird a sturdy figure calling it to be fed. The Unhappy Duck was all alone swimming on a sort of dim ocean, suggested by three parallel lines. The paper had been printed on the other side, and as poor little Pierre looked at it in the gathering dusk, the spots which showed through, suddenly became terrible to him—and he tells the other baby that he doesn't want to look at it any more, and covers it with his fingers; but still he goes back to it, fascinated, and finds it transfigured—the sky heavy with rain and the Unhappy Duck alone, far from friends, "making his way to a hazy shore, dark with desolate gloom." And so it came about that he was soon crying without knowing why.

There are the boyish days when he detested school tasks, and was so overpowered by the pictures suggested by the subject, The Shipwreck, given him for a composition, that he handed in a blank sheet with his named signed. He couldn't with any decency write commonplaces, and as to writing what he really felt, the notion of its being read and mangled by that ogre (his teacher) stopped that entirely.

This boy kept a diary in cipher, on an endless strip of paper, wrapped round a reed. He took this with him on all excursions, having taken the precaution to write the solemn words on the wrapper, "It is my last desire that this book should be burned unread."

Such are some of the pictures of real children which have recently appeared in literature; but there is a later stage of evolution. In this day of the psychological novel, the child has not escaped the searching analysis which is determined to trace the wherefore of every heart throb, the genesis of every thought.

The most perfect of such child studies is the exquisite Child in the House by Walter Pater. The portrait of a child is written with a deliberate purpose to trace the process of brain building, to note how even the accidents of early childhood, the "angle at which the sun fell upon the pillow, may become a part of the great chain wherewith we are bound."

To Pater, "the house of thought in which we live gets itself together like some airy bird's nest, or floating thistle down, or chance straws, compact at last, but little accidents have their consequence," and so he tells us the chance by which "the blossom of the red hawthorn still seems to him absolutely the reddest of all things, and the goodly crimson still alive in the works of old Venetian masters, called out always from afar the recollection of the flame in those perishing little petals."

But Pater's words are so exquisitely alive, that they bleed when cut. The book must be read entire.

In closing, I will venture a prophecy. As science and philosophy are now turning their chief attention upon the child, so I believe that the child will become the greatest centre of future

literature. Is not sentimental Tommy one of the signs of the times? With great self-control, I have hitherto kept him in the background, because I haven't any words to express my admiration.

"It's so easy to find the right word," said Mr. Gloag.

"It's no; it's as difficult as to hit a squirrel," said Tommy.

A Study In Children's Attitude Toward Literature.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine I live.

Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

The student of literature yields himself to the spirit of the writer, lives in his age, and adopts for the time his view. Children, of course, are not yet broad enough to enter into the spirit of other ages than those which agree with their own feelings. Our first grade failed to gain the beautiful lesson of hospitality in the story of Philemon and Baucis because they were quite up to date in their views of social charity, declaring that it was quite wicked to give tramps anything. The idea of the disguised Mercury and Jupiter being sent to a charity organilation to have their needs investigated amusingly enlightens us as to the conflict going on in childish consciousness between the many points of view the child is expected to take.

The present study, made by Miss Gertrude Earhart, with children of twelve to fourteen, illustrates the same truth. These young people with their nineteenth century views find it hard to appreciate this beautiful old poem, written before 1620. The reflective attitude, the philosophy resembling that of Epictetus, are quite foreign to the spirit of youth and to the ambitions roused by modern environment.

The problem is, should these pupils be given literature of this kind as an antidote, or shall we select only the action and adventure which better accords with their interests?

Pupils who had been having selections from literature as full of action as "The Battle of Lake Regillus" and "Horatius" were given Sir Edward Dyer's "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is," and it was very interesting to note their attitude toward his philosophy.

When asked to write what they thought of his attitude one wrote: "I don't think that he should have thought that he was the only one with a mind and all the others thought only of their money." Another said; "I would rather have Sir Edward Dyer not quite so fond of Sir Edward Dyer and have him own up that he had some money stored away," and a third thought he was very conceited and inclined to be deceitful.

The class were asked to write what they thought the person who wrote the poem looked like and the following are some of the descriptions:

"He was tall and thin with dark hair and eyes."

"He was tall and thin, smooth-faced, dressed common and his appearance was sober."

"He was dressed in black, had a big, black hat and was six feet tall.

"He was tall and thin, with a white face, long nose and black eyes and he never laughed."

"He was tall, with black hair and a long nose. He had big eyes, a small mouth and wore a black suit and patent leathers."

The last was evidently "filling in" for amusement, but there is a striking unanimity of opinion and who can imagine a round, jolly-looking individual writing in that strain?

Reminiscences of Early Reading.

My earliest recollections do not extend beyond the time when I had books of my own, and perhaps the very earliest were such as "Cinderilla," "Puss in Boots," "Alibaba," "Fortunatus" and others of that sort, with a large octavo volume of Æsop's Fables. But my mother bought me "The Histories" of William Wallace, Robert Burns, James Douglas, Rob Roy McGregor, and Mary Queen of Scots, each about like one of the thinnest of the Elzivir's that we have now, and I remember very well reading those stirring tales, to my boy friends, and it must have been when I was less than 6 years old, for I well remember when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and I was then only a little more than six, and we were then reading "Little Nell," published as a serial in the "NovaScotian" newspaper. Peter Parley's books, "The History of Greece," "History of Columbus" and one or two historical novels came in about then. Shortly after the Queen was married, which was two years after she ascended the throne, a man came from Halifax to teach school in our district and he brought with him Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion," and as he boarded with my mother and read those poems to us evenings, it is perhaps not surprising that I was much impresssed with them, particularly the first named. In fact my family laugh at me to this day because I am such an admirer of the "Lady of the Lake," and pretend that they think I know it by heart.

Mr. Dobson was a born elocutionist and when he read to my mother and grown sisters, there was no temptation that would take me out of hearing, and no doubt my sisters some of them can still remember how hard it was to get me to do the little errands needed. Mr. Dobson's influence had something to do with my later reading. My father died when I was an infant and his books were my delight after I got to be nine or ten years old. "History of the French Revolution," "Telemachus in Search of His Father," Homer's "Illiad," "Letters of Junius," "Letters of Agricola," were among them. But then we had access to some of the "Waverley Novels," several of Dickens' works, Shakespeare, Milton, as well as the Penny Magazine, published in London.

After I was 12, I had no time except evenings, and many an hour have I whiled away seated on a low stool in the wide chimney corner reading by fire light, for the table was filled with big folks and a bright wood fire was far ahead of a candle to read by. The most of these books I read because I enjoyed them and because they were my father's.

JAMES JENKS.

My childhood was spent in the country on a large farm where there were many cattle, large fields, meadows, and a garden. I was very fond of the sheep and cattle and of watching the crops grow. As I was a delicate child, I was encouraged to spend a great deal of time in fields and woods. On that account, and because my father, who was a native of Ireland, recited to me by the hour Irish ballads

and the fairy stories of that land of "good people" or "little people" as he called the faires, I read less, I think, than other children do. The question with me was not "what shall I read," but "what can I get to read" for my supply of books was always megear.

Between the ages of six and thirteen, I read the following:

Tiny and Her Vanity, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Knights, Stories from English History, Imitation of Christ, Bible History, Bible.

Syntax, a funny poem describing the adventures of a bachelor in England. The illustrations in this book were, as I remember them, like Thackeray's and I thought them very good.

THIRTEEN TO FIFTEEN.

Near our home there lived a solitary old man who took the New York Ledger and Saturday Night. During this time he supplied me with reading matter and I reveled in the accounts of the lives of what I supposed to be real lords and ladies. At that time my people were poor, though they had a large farm, and I had nothing dainty or pretty in dress or surroundings. The descriptions of the dresses of rich ladies were precious to me, and I used to spend hours dreaming of the beautiful clothes I would have when I was grown up. I had an elegant costume planned for each important occasion in a woman's life and many other dresses besides. I believe the desire for that sort of thing burned itself out at that period. Except to re-read all the books mentioned before, I read only one other book that I can remember. It was called "The Three Beauties." One of the characters was named Winifred and this is the only character that I ever tried to imitate consciously. I think I was led to do so because her name was the same as mine, her father was an old man, and she was a delicate child.

FIFTEEN TO EIGHTEEN.

About the age of fifteen I began to read good magazines and daily papers. In addition I read the following books:

David Copperfield, Old Curiosity Shop, Dombey and Son, Nicholas Minturn, Madcap Violet, Peck's Bad Boy, East Lynn, We and Our Neighbors, My Wife and I, The Fool's Errand, The Mystery of Catheron Royals, Don Quixote, The Heart of Myrrah Lake or Into the Light of Catholicity, The Faith of Our Fathers, Fifty Reasons for Being a Catholic.

WINIFRED KENELEY.

Study of Reading in the Melrose School.

One hundred papers, including those of 50 boys and 50 girls of ages from nine to fifteen, were examined.

The following tables gives the percent of boys and of girls who mentioned books under the classes indicated:

	Boys.	Girls.
Bible and Religious Books,	62	86
Juvenile stories,	50	80
Geographical books,	58	64
Historical "	50	70
Books about animals,	46	62
Catechism,	32	58
Cowboy stories,	48	36
Biography,	24	34
Poetry,	4	8
Literature-essays,	6	6
Current events,	8	—
Books about industries,	6	—

The pupils were asked to write what they remembered of some of the books which they particularly liked. This they did with great freedom, often rambling on for many pages,

These papers were very interesting, and revealed much more of the taste of the readers than did the answers to

the question—"what do you like best and why?"—given in Prof. Thurber's study. Many of the pupils wrote on stories from readers, and several stated facts from their histories. The following table shows which books were selected for review:

	Boys.	Girls.
George Washington,	9	6
Robinson Crusoe,	6	1
Two Little Confederates,	2	0
Bound in Honor,	2	1
Black Beauty,	2	0
Bennie West,	5	3
Drummer Boy,	2	0
Daniel Boone,	1	1
Toby Tyler,	2	2
Mr. Stubb's Brother,	1	0
Uncle Tom's Cabin,	2	1
Phil and his Friends,	3	1
In Freedom's Cause,	1	0
History of Grant,	1	0
Boyhood of Lincoln,	1	0
Story of the Pilgrims,	1	0
Grandfather's Chair,	1	0
Dab Kinzer,	1	0
The Spy,	1	0
Arabian Knights,	1	1
Boys of '76,	1	0
Timothy's Quest,	0	2
Little Women,	1	1
Benjamin Franklin,	1	4
The Little Colonel,	0	3
Hans Brinker,	0	2
Little Lord Fantleroy,	0	2
Columbus,	0	1
Tom Brown's School Days,	0	1
Arctic Regions,	0	3
Les Miserables,	0	1
Hunting of the Deer,	0	1
Sparrow the Tramp,	0	1
The Bible,	0	1
Rip Van Winkle,	0	1

The number of details remembered was most astonishing. They never failed to describe the serious situations in which their heroes were involved, and delighted to tell with the minutest detail how they became extricated.

These children have had few books to read until the present year, and they are quite loyal to their school readers. "Muggouphy" is sometimes praised, but the following essay on Kelley's Fourth by a boy of 13, shows that he is evidently predestined to be a book agent:

"I liked the Kelley's fourth the best of all it sais all about Holland and all about Egyt all about Franklin all about Spain all about mummies and how they bundle them up

All about the early life of Washington all about the earth and its movements. All about Spring Summer Fall and Winter. All about the voyage of Christher Columbus and where he got help and when he discovered America and his death

All about birds and their habbits. All about the lost man and the horse taking him home again and how he loved his horse after that

All about the different kinds of fish and how they catch them.

And because it has some of Longfellow poems in it."

50 percent of the girls told stories in which fancy predominated; 2 percent of the boys cared for these tales.

A boy of 11 is evidently struck by a most puzzling problem in human nature:

"He would go sassafrassing, berrieing, and nutting, but still Phil was not satisfied."

18 percent of the girls and 10 percent of the boys emphasized right and wrong aspects.

Here is a speimen of boys' brevity:

Boy 12; "The Revolutionary war is about its cause and end."

Boy 10; "Brook Basins tell us about the drops of water. It tells us about rabbits, squarels, and flowers."

There is a great deal of the sentimental style, and all exhibitions of religion meet with immediate and overwhelming earthly reward.

Boy 10; Long time ago there were two very, good, little children. One Christmas evening as they were eating supper they heard a poor child crying out; Oh! let me in or I will die with the cold. The children quick ran to the door and let the poor child in. Then they gave him something to eat and put him in their warm beds. Next morning as they were going to the room the heard angels sing and the band play. Then came a beautiful child and said I am a poor child and will give you something. Then the angels brought a Christmas tree with all kinds of good things on it.

The moral effect of these stories is greatly to be questioned. In the following reproduction of the Stow-a-way the boy seems to have gained the idea that the remark "Can I say my prayers" is an admirable means of gaining favors from one's elders.

Boy 11; "Then," said the boy, "can I say my prayers?"

The man then took him up in his arms and said "you are a good and faithful boy." He brought him to New York and gave him a great deal of money.

Some of the girls—none of the boys —spend page after page in describing harrowing details of death bed scenes, murders, and drunkards' homes. One child with great dramatic power pictures a deserted wife, how she goes to the druggist's, and thence to a grave yard to poison herself upon a grave.

It is difficult to read these with patience. Such stories give a great shock to the emotions of girls of 13 and 14, the ages of the girls referred to. Of course they are impressed upon the brain forever. What results may they not produce in some time of future depression?

The religious emphasis in each of the above stories points to their source in Sunday school books. Are not these books doing more injury than the detective books and cowboy novels?

One book of J. T. Trowbridge's, "Bound in Honor," had evidently done harm to the boys who read it, though one girl reproduces it in rather a colorless way. A boy of 13 describes carefully the setting fire to a barn and the avoidance of the detective. He then spends two or three pages describing the boy's escape from the window of his room by tying a rope to the bed post, emphasizing the jolly time he had, which more than paid for the trouble he got into.

In Freedom's Cause by Henty, had evidently filled the imagination of a boy of eleven, who fills three pages of foolscap in his review. His admiration of Wallace and Bruce cannot but do him good.

A girl of thirteen tells the story of Jean Valjean from Victor Hugo's Les Miserable, which she has gotten from Miss Wiltse's editon published by Ginn & Co. It needs but her simple unconscious paper to show how strongly such a history of self-sacrifice and struggle to do right may influence a boy or girl at this age.

One cannot help enjoying the review of the Drummer Boy, by a boy of nine. He gets a little mixed over the number of parents left on the piazza, but he has not failed, like so many older reviewers to catch the spirit of the book.

"I read in the Drummer Boy, about how a boy was going to the army and enlisted. Just the night before he left for the army, he made a promise to his mother that he would not swear, gam-

ble, drink, or anything that would make his mother ashamed of. He went to bed with his brother Willy who was smaller than he was, probably to sleep with him no more. The next morning he got up and looked out of his window toward the city which seemed to have a mist over it. At breakfast his brother Willy had his toy gun ready and was going to kill webels, meaning that he was going to kill rebels. He stuck his bread on the point of his toy gun and was going to bombard his mother's coffee cup when his sister Helen took the gun away from him and called him a rascal.

"Father," said the boy, "you will have to go with me to the recruiting office for I am afraid they will not enlist me without your consentment." "All right," said the father and he took his razor and and made lather and shaved himself. He put on his best Sunday clothes in a few minutes. They were then ready to start for the city. The boy's parents were all on the porch waving their hands at him and saying goodbye. They got to the main street just in time to get on the horse-car. They went to the recruiting office and the boy was taken in as drummer-boy. Just as they were going out of the office they met neighbor Winch. "Hello," said he, "have you got a volunteer?" "Yes," said neighbor Manly, (for that was his name and the boy's name was Frank Manly) "here he is (pointing to Frank) he enlists as a drummer boy."

The father bade his son good-bye as he got on the passenger train. After a ride of an hour or two the boy saw the flag of the army floating in the breeze. There was a captain with several other soldiers, so he joined them not knowing one of them. As the train stopped in front of the depot, the boy sees the form of Jack Winch, son of neighbor Winch that the boy's father was talking to in Boston. "Hello," said Jack. "How do you feel?" "All right," said Frank. "How do you feel?" "Tip top," said Jack. "Come along to the sargeant's tent and get your clothes." They went and Frank received a knapsack with a tin plate and a knife and fork. But to his disappointment the department had no drums. He noticed that the tents had names. "Owl's Nest," one, "Young Volunteer," and several other names.

After a few weeks the boys had fun in camp upsetting the captain's bed, cutting the ropes that supported the tent and setting fire to the mattress. This was in the civil war. The end."

A review of another boy of nine, of Two Little Confederates is almost perfect in its way.

"Two little confederates was charming it was two little boys named Willy and Frank. They lived down south in the time of slavery. They had a large house and lot with a large garden behind it. The boys liked to go hunting squirrels in the pine wood where they had a robbers' cave it was an old log cabin that had been torn down and the unused fire place was their cave. They had it fixed up with carpets and papers and even rugs which their mother had given them. They thought It was a most Lovely thing to go to Richmond. It was the capital. Once when they were there they saw a man draw fire out of his mouth and do several other things. When they found that there was going to be war they were frightened but their mother informed them

that one Southerner could lick ten Yankes and that the South could drive back the north with popguns But when the war really broke out they were fooled."

Some Thoughts on Man-Evolution from Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.

P. M. MAGNUSSON.

Children are saved by their lack of imagination. For what have we fed them on up to the present decade? On "History," which was nothing but a ghastly record of the murdering and mangling of man by man; on religious dogmas even more harrowing; on nursery tales of ghosts and goblins; in short on everything that was horrible and ghastly and morbid. And still, to judge from almost universal testimony, men in general have had a happy childhood! How is this possible? The morbid and gruesome things that the child reads about are neutralized by the blessed obtuseness of the child's imagination. The child's imagination is not strong enough in power of concentration, nor is it rich enough in apperceptive material to produce anything but very weak and puny images compared with those in adult life.

This rule is proved by its exceptions. This is the unfortunate circumstance in connection with these studies of biographies. Biographies are generally written of the exceptions of mankind, not of the averages. Hence our perspective of child-life is not normal, when viewed from the ordinary biography. Still the class of children to which Leigh Hunt belonged are not so very uncommon. I have known several like him, intimately. These may briefly be described as having a a man's "head" and a child's "heart." That is, they have a very vivid and virile imagination joined to the timidity and tenderness of a child. However interesting and picturesque such a combination may be to the observer, it is a most uncomfortable mixture for the child itself. Let Leigh Hunt speak for himself:

But on the "night-side of human nature," as Mrs. Crowe calls it, he "had me." I might confront him and endeavor to kick his shins by daylight, but with respect to ghosts, as the sailor said, I did not "understand their tackle." I had unfortunately let him see that I did not like to be in the dark, and that I had a horror of dreadful faces, even in books. I had found something particularly ghastly in the figure of an old man crawling on the ground, in some frontispiice—I think to a book called the Looking-Glass; and there was a fabulous wild-beast, a portrait of which, in some picture-book, unspeakably shocked me. It was called the Mantichora. It had the head of a man, grinning with rows of teeth, and the body of a wild-beast brandishing a tail armed with stings. It was sometimes called by the ancients Martichora. But I did not know that. I took the word to be a horrible compound of man and tiger. The beast figures in Pliny and the old travelers. Apollonius had heard of him. He takes a fearful joy in describing him, even from report.

"Apollonius asked 'if they had among them the Martichora.' 'What!' said Iarchus, 'have you heard of that animal; for if you have, you have probably heard something extraordinary of its figure.' 'Great and wonderful things have I heard of it,' replied Apollonius. 'It is of the number of quadrupeds, has a head like a man's, is as large as a lion with a tail from which bristles grow, of the length of a cubit, all as

sharp as prickles, which it shoots forth like so many arrows against its pursuers.'"

That sentence, beginning "Great and wonderful things," proves to me, that Apollonius must once have been a little boy, looking at the picture-books. The possibility of such "creatures" being "pursued" never occurred to me. Alexander, I thought, might have been encountered while crossing the Granicus, and elephants might be driven into the sea; but how could anyone face a beast with a man's head? One look of its horrid countenance (which it always carried facing you, as it went by —I never imagined it seen in profile) would have been enough, I concluded, to scare an army. Even full-grown dictionary makers have been frightened out of their propriety at the thought of him. "Mantichora," says old Morell —"bestia horrenda"—(a brute fit to give one the horrors.)

The importance of this experience lies in the fact that it is a type of the sufferings of thousands of sensitive precocious children. A good friend of mine, a college bred man of decided poetic temperament, confessed to me that his whole life has been darkened with melancholy from the shock he received when a child by looking at a picture of the devil such as the depraved imagination of mediaevalism could paint him. This horned and barbed figure froze the sensative soul with abject terror, and saturated his very bones and marrow with an unspeakable horror. Whenever he closed his eyes, especially when alone in the dark, he saw this satanic monk-imagination coming straight for him to carry him off to hell. I have three other cases from among my own limited number of acquaintances, which are just as unequivocal. Notice that these are unsought examples. Moral: nine children out of ten, perhaps ninety-nine out of one hundred are happily dull enough not to be injured by any food or poison for the imagination. But the remaining tenth or hundreth is the fraction that contains most of the leaders of mankind; it is a most valuable part of mankind. This class of children are daily poisoned, vulgarized and terrorized by the intellectual pabulum the world furnishes them. They are as clay in the hands of the potter, when picture and book and story and lesson fill their imagination.

Material Collected from Autobiographies by the Child Study Club.

I.

JOHN STUART MILL.

Books read between the ages of 4 and 11:

Æsop's Fables, Anabasis, Herodotus, Xenophon's Cyropaedia, Memorials of Socrates, Dialogues of Plato, Robertson's History, Hume's History, Gibbon's History, Philip the Second and Third, History of Rome, Rollin's Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives, Plutarch's Morals, Burnet's History of His Own Time, Annual Register, Historical View of the English Government, Ecclesiastical History, Life of John Knox, Histories of the Quakers, African Memoranda, Account of First Settlement in New south Wales, Anson's Voyages, Voyages Around the World, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Knights, Cazott's Arabian Tales, Fool of Quality, Cornelius Nepos, Caesar's Commentaries, Iliad, Pope's Iliad, Bucolics of Virgil, Aeneid, Horace, Fables of Phaedrus, Sivy, Sallust, Ovide's Met, Plays of Terence, Lucretius, Cicero, Iliad, Odyssey, Plays of Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Thucidides, Helenics of Xenaphon, Demosthenes, Aeschines, Lysias, Theocritus, Anacreon, Anthology, Rhetoric by Aristotle, Pope's Homer, Thompson's Winter, Shakespeare, Dryden, Milton, Cowper, Polybius. Mitford's Greece, Hook's Roman History, Ferguson's Roman History, Ancient Universal History, Walter Scott.

Books read between the ages 11 and 14.

Campbell's poems, Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, Chemistry, Organon, Computatio Sive Logica, Latin Logic, Orations by Demosthenes, Tacitus, Juvenal, Quintilian. Dialogues of Plato,—Gorgias, Protagoras, Republic—History of India, Ricardo

on Political Economy, Adam Smith Political Economy.

Books read between the ages of 14 and 18:

Elements of Political Economy, Condillac's Traite 'des Sensations, Cours d' Etudes, French Revolution, Roman Law, Heineceins on the Institutes, Roman Antiquities, by Heineccius; Pandects (partly), Bentham's Works, Article on Jurisprudence, Locke's Essay, Helvetius de l' Esprit, Hartley's Observations on Man, Berkeley's Essays, Hume's Essays, Reid, Dugald Stewart, Brown on Cause and Effect, Analysis of the Influence of Natural Religion on the Temporal Happiness of Mankind, Phillip Beauchamp,

When authors are mentioned, it is generally the case that he read only the principal works, but these were for the most part thoroughly studied.

"I have now, I believe, mentioned all the books which had any considerable effect on my early mental development."

"Next to the Traite 'de Legislation, Philip Beauchamp was one of the books which by the searching character of its analysis produced the greatest effect on me."

"It was no part of my father's system to exclude books of amusement, though he allowed them very sparingly. Of such books he possessed at that time next to none, but he borrowed several for me."

It is probable from several statements of Mr. Mill that these are only a few of the books he read at the periods referred to.

II.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

From "The One I Knew the Best of All," autobiography.

Books read between six and eleven.

The Bible, Little Flower Book, Herod and the Innocents, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Books by Sir Walter Scott—G. P. R. James, Harrison Ainsworth. Captain Mayne Reid, War Trail, Tower of London, Pamphlet about the Aztecs, Books by Cooper, Hans Christian Andersen, The Lamplighter, Myth and Legends, Classical Dictionary, Ancient Mariner, Marmion, Fire Worshippers, A Peri, Veiled Prophet, Waverley Novels, Shakespeare, Pinnocks England, Pinnock's Rome, History of Greece, Ministering Children, The Channings, Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles, Letters from Palmyra, Letters from Rome, Naomi, Blackwood's Magazines, Punch, Works of Charles Dickens, Byron's Poems.

Books read between the ages 11 and 15.

The Scottich Chiefs, The Children of the Abbey, Fatherless Fanny, The Castle of Otranto, The Mysteries of Udolpho, (Very many other books which are not named.)

Of any new acquaintance she would always ask; "Have you any books you could lend me?"

It is said that, at the age of seven, "She was a starving creature in those days with a positively wolfish appetite for books, though no one knew it, or understood the anguish of its gnawings." She read everything she got hold of.

She dramatized almost every story she read with the aid of her doll and the old-fashioned furniture.

III.

LAWRENCE HUTTON.

"A Boy I knew" in St. Nicholas.

Between 7 and 9 he read David Copperfield.

Of it he says: "When I first saw London it was the London of the Micawbers, the Traddleses, of Murdstone and Grindby, the London of Dora's Aunt and of 'Pip.' London still remains to him a moving panorama of David Copperfield. He recognized St. Paul's Cathedral at the first glance, because it had figured as an illustration on the cover of Peggotty's work box." He says: "It taught me to abominate selfish brutality and sneaking falsehood, as they are exhibited in the Murdstones and the Heeps; it taught me to avoid rash expenditure as it was practiced by the Micawbers; it showed

me that a man like Steerforth might be the best of good fellows and at the same time the worst and most dangerous of companions; it showed me that true friends like Traddles were worth having and keeping; it introduced me to the devoted, sisterly, affection of a woman like Agnes; it proved to me that the rough pea-jacket of a man like Ham Peggotty might cover the simple heart of as honest a gentleman as ever lived.

Books read later were:

Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, The Desert Home, by Mayne Reid; Peter Simple, by Marryat; The Leather Stocking Tales, Rob Roy, The Three Guardsmen.

LUCY LARCOM.

A New England Girlhood; Autobiography.

Books read from six to eleven:

Alonzo and Melissa, The Children of the Abbey, Little Henry and his Bearer, Ayah and Lady, The Hedge of Thorns, Theophilus and Sophia, Anna Ross, (and a whole series of little English books I took great delight in,) Infant's Progress, Immortal Fountain in the Girls own Book, Pilgrim's Progress, Harry and Lucy, Rosamond, and others by Mrs. Edgeworth; Paul and Virginia, Elizabeth or the Exiles of Siberia, Nina, an Icelandic Tale; Vicar of Wakefield, Tour of the Hebrides, Gullivers Travels, Arabian Nights, Some odd volumes of Sir Walter Scott's novels; American First Book, Repository Tracts, His'ory of the Spanish Inquisition, Evangelicana, History of Hamburg.

Books read from 11 to 15:

Parts of Mrs. Hemau's Poems, Old Curiosity Shop, Translated the German portions of the works of Jean Paul Richter, Herder, Krummacher, Goethe, and Schiller; Young Book of Poetry, Wordsworth's Poems, The Raven, Bryant's Poems, Whittier's Poems. Longfellow's Poems, Irving's Sketch Book, Knickerbocker's History of New York.

Books read from 15 to 18:

Mother's Magnalia, Shakespeare, Milton's Works, especially Paradise Lost; Essay on Man, Cowper's Poems, Burn's Cotter's Saturday Night, "A Man's a Manfor a' That;" Magazines of the time; The Lady's Book, Blackwood's magazine, "Westminster," and the "New Englander," Coleridge's Poems, Poets and Poetry of England, Locksley Hall, Hero-Worship, Festus, The Glory and Shame of England, Zenobia, Bible in Spain, A New Home: Who'll Follow?

At the ages of three to five years she committed more than a hundred hymns, of which she says, "Almost the first decided taste in my life was the love of hymns. Committing them to memory was as natural to me as breathing."

"This book (Infant's Progress) gave me a morbid unhappy feeling. I made a personal application of it."

"The history of the early martyrs, persecutions of the Waldenses and of Scotch Covenanters, I read and re-read with longing emulation."

"The fascination of 'Festus' was that of wonder, doubt and dissent, with great outbursts of an overmastering faith sweeping over our minds as we read. We remember it as one of the inspiration of our workaday youth."

"The Queen of Palmyra (in Zenobia by Wm. Ware) walked among us, and held a lofty place among our ideals of heroic womanhood, never yet obliterated from admiring remembrance.

V.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Books read from 6 to 11:

Lady of the Lake, Story of Ulysses, Story of Sir Huon, Story of Kehama and Thalaba, Ovid, Some Odes of Horace, A Little Virgil, The Gospel of Mathew in Greek, History of the U. S., Hume's England, Robertson's Scotland, Fergusson's and Gibbon's Rome, Simple Susan, The Little Merchants, Old Poz, and others by Miss Edgeworth; Ivanhoe, Marmion, and others of Scott's works; Rasselas, the translation of the Hindoo play Lakoontala; Shakespeare's plays, Elegant Extracts by Vicesimus Knox; Spectator, Guardian, Paradise Lost, Popes Essay on Man, The Vicar of Wakefield, Robin-

son Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, the poems of Prior, Gay, and Peter Pinder, Cecilia and Evalina, by Miss Burney; The Scottish Chiefs, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Thompson's Seasons, Falconer's Shipwreck, and Shenstone's poems, also Oldtown Folks.

Books read from 11 to 15:

Cornelius Nepos, Ovid, Virgil, The Aeneid, Pope, Burns, Cowper.

Books read from 15 to 18:

The Collegian (periodical,) Iliad, Horace, Macaulay, Carlyle, Sir Thos. Browne, Ben Jonson, Lamb, Coleridge, Scott, and Wordsworth.

"If we had not many books to read, we possessed some of the best."

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

When a boy Willis took great interest in stories taken from the New Testament. "Years later, when shaping into smooth verse the story of the Widow of Nain his memory must have gone back to this early reading."

Beers says—As other juvenile poets have gone to their classics for a subject, Willis went to his Bible. He drank at Siloa's fount instead of Helicon, and tuned the psaltery instead of the lyre.

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Mr. Frye's "Brooks and Brooks and Brook Basins" hold a similar position in the subject of Geography and his famous text-books on geography have already attained an international reputation.

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